

PR

2750

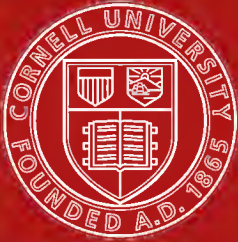
C5

no.32

PR
2750
C5
no.32

Cornell University Library

229-



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

OTHELLO:

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SECOND QUARTO,

1630,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 12. g. 28.)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

HERBERT A. EVANS, M.A.,

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.



LONDON:

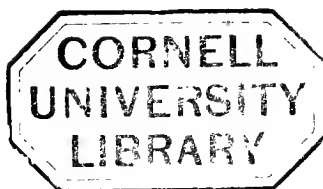
PUBLISHT BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14, CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, LONDON. S.W.

1885.



R

A.23968



[*Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 32.*]

INTRODUCTION.

The present Quarto, as has been already pointed out in the Forewords to Q1, is a corrected reprint of that edition with additions to the extent of about 160 lines. It would perhaps be supposed at first sight that these additions and corrections were derived from the Folio which had now been seven years in print, but this was already a scarce book, if we may judge from the fact that a second edition was called for only two years afterwards, and moreover Richard Hawkins, the publisher of the present Quarto, who seems to have been in the habit of publishing new editions of single plays,¹ would probably find a playhouse copy more accessible than that comparatively expensive volume. At any rate, all evidence is against his having collated his edition with the Folio, and the judgment of the Cambridge Editors on this point is amply confirmed by an examination of the texts. Had he done so, he would not have failed to avail himself of those numerous corrections for which we are now indebted to the Folio alone. His MS. contained, it is true, nearly all the omitted lines of Q1, which we find in the Folio, but by no means all the corrections, and his edition, while superior to its predecessor, is therefore inferior to the Folio. Specimens of best readings peculiar to the Folio will be found

¹ He published "A King and no King," 3rd ed., 1631. "The Maids Tragedie," 3rd ed., 1630; "Phylaster," 3rd ed., 1628; 4th ed., 1634; all printed by A. M.

in the Introduction to Q1. Here are a few passages which will enable the student to form a still clearer idea of Hawkins's materials, and of the correctness of the theory just stated :—

II. i., 38—

Q2. "Euen till we make the Maine *and th' Ayre all blue,*
An indistinct regard."

F1 *and th' Eriall blew.*

The passage is not in Q1. Hawkins therefore printed from his MS. additions, and there can be no hesitation in deciding between the readings.

IV. ii, 170—

Q1. "And the great Messengers of *Venice* stay."

In Q2 and F1 "And the" becomes "the meate"; but Q2 prints these words at the beginning of the line, F1 in their proper place at the end.

V. i., 87—

Q1. "I doe suspect this traff

To beare a part in this ; patience a while good *Cafio* :"

Q2 merely adds "iniurie" after "this" ; F1 "to be a party in this Iniurie," which does not spoil the metre.

V. ii., 13—

Q1. "That can thy light returne : when I haue pluckt the rose."

Q2. "relumine" spoiling the metre ; F1 "re-Lume."

V. ii., 220—

Q1. "I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre."

Q2 merely changes "ayre" to "north" ; F1 gives the true reading,—

"No, I will speak as liberall as the North."

In the following four passages we are indebted to Q2 for the true reading :—

III. iii., 31—

"*Caf.* Madam, ile take my leaue.

Des. Nay stay, and heare me speake."

Q1 and F1 "Why stay."

III. iii., 455—

“Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne’r *feels* retiring ebbe, but keeps due on.”

Not in Q1. F1 *keeps* (twice).

IV. ii., 155—

“Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other forme”;

Not in Q1. F1 “Delighted them: or any other Forme.

IV. iii., 41—

“*The poore soule fate sighing by a scamour tree.*”

Not in Q1. F1 *singing*.

In the following Q2 gives an alternative reading worth notice :

IV. i., 28—

“Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Coniured, or supplied them.”

Q1¹ and F1 *Conuined*.

IV. ii., 16—

“Let heauen *require* it with the Serpents curse,”

Q1 *requite* ; F1 *requit*.

V. ii., 268—

“Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my vtmost faile.”

Not in Q1. F1 *And*.

This Quarto is on the whole very well printed, and does not introduce many blunders of its own: the following are the most noticeable:—

I. ii., 32—

“My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule
Shall manifest *my right by*.”

Q1 and F1 *me rightly*.

III. iii., 463—

“Witnesse *the* ener-burning lights aboue.”

Q1 and F1 *you*.

¹ Capell's copy of Q1 reads *Coniured*. *Camb. Ed.*

IV. i., 144—

“So hangs, and *iolls*, and weepes vpon me.”

Q1 and F1 *iolls*.

IV. i., 198—

“Hang her, I doe *not* fay what she is”:

Q1 and F1 *but*.

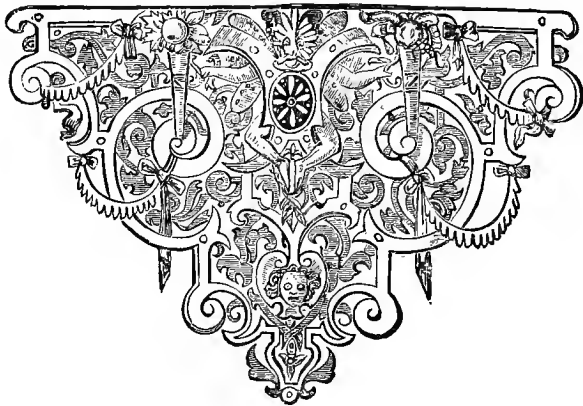
In II. i., 204, the last two letters of *drownd* have been dropt,
and in IV. i., 144, the last two letters of *puls*.

This facsimile has been photographed from the copy in the King's Library at the British Museum, by Mr. Praetorius. The few lines (I. iii., 359, 385-6; II. i., 82; IV. ii., 33, 168) not to be found in the Folio are marked *; lines clearly faulty †; while < denotes the absence here and there of a few words to be found in the Folio. The divisions, and line numbers are those of the “Globe” edition. The vignette on the title is not clear in the original, and is much worse in the facsimile. It is probably Juno, as the Goddess of Jealousy, driving two peacocks.

HERBERT A. EVANS.

The Names of the Actors.

(: * * :)

Thello, *the Moore.*Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*Iago, *a Villaine.*Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
*Duke of Venice.**Senators.*Montano, *Gouvernour of Cyprus.**Gentlemen of Cyprus.*Lodouico, *and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.**Saylors.**Clowne.*Defdemona, *Wife to Othello.*Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*Bianca, *a Curtezian.*

52

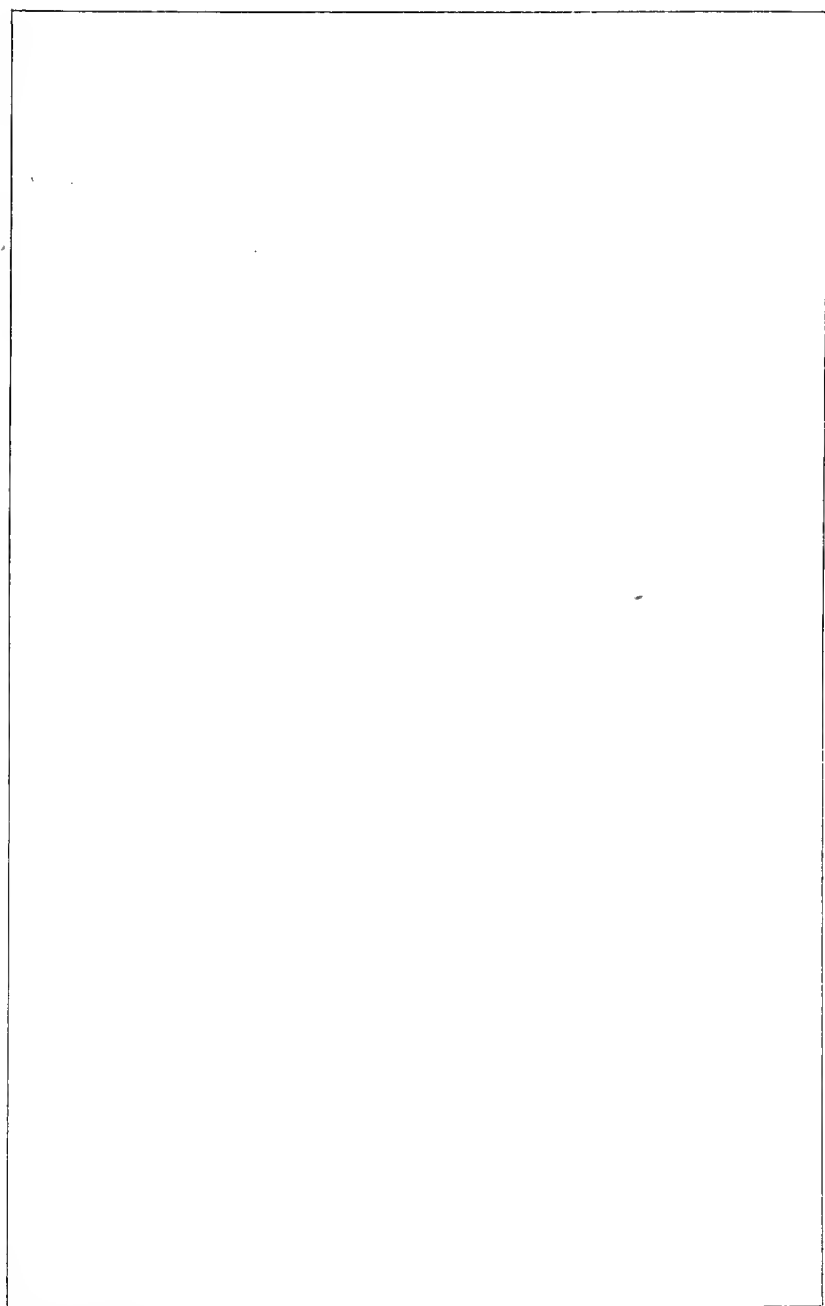
THE Tragoedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black Friers, by
his Maieſties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakeſpeare.



L O N D O N,
Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at
his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, nere Sergeants-Inne.
1630.






The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Act. I. sc. i.

Red.  Vsh; Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this,

+

4

Iag. But you'le not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.

Red. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate,

8

Iag. Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the Citty
In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant,

Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,

12

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.

But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,

Euades them, with a bumbast circumstance,

Horribly stufte with Epithites of warre :

16

Non-suits my Mediators : for certes, (sayes he)

I haue already chose my Officer, and what was he ?

20

Forsooth, a great Arithmetitian,

One *Michael Cassio*, a Florentine,

A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,

That neuer set a squadron in the field,

Nor the diuision of a Battell knowes,

24

More then a Spinster, vnieste the bookish Theorique.

Wherin the tongued Consuls can propose

+

As masterly as he : meere prattle without practise,

Is all his Souldier-ship : but he sir had the election,

28

And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,

At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,

Christn'd and Heathen, must be be-leed and calm'd,

By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caster :

The Tragedy of Othello

32 He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I Sir (blessed the mark) his Moore ships Ancient.

Rod. By heaven I rather would have bin his hangman.

Iag. But there's no remedy,
Tis the curse of service,
36 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first :
Now sir be judge your selfe,
Whether I, in any iust tearme am affi'd
40 to loue the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iag. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed, you shall marke
44 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his masters Affe,
48 For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashier'd,
Whip mee such honest knaves :

Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and viſſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themselves,
52 And throwing but shewes of service on their Lords ;
Doe well thrive by 'em,

And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselves homage,
Those fellows haue some soule,
And such a one doe I professe my selfe,---for sir,
56 It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,

Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
59-60 For loue and duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,

But

the Moore of Venice.

I.i.

But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

64

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Iag. Call vp her father,
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the street, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.

68

Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iag. Doe with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

76

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, *theeues*, *theeues* :
Looke to your house, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, *theeues*.

80

Brabantio at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iag. Are your doores lockt?

84

Bra. Why wherefore asks you this?

Iag. Sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule,
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandfire of you, arise I say.

88

91-92

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

A 3

Bra.

The Tragedy of Othello

96 *Bra.* The worfe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainnesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
100 Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
104 To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soule I come to you.

108 *Iag.* Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the
Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke
112 wee are *Russians*, youle haue your daughter couered with a *Barbary*
horse; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue *Courfers*
for *Cousens*, and *Gennets* for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

116 *Iag.* I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the
Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

120 *Bra.* This thou shalt answere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
124 At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelie*,
To the grosse claspes of a lasciuious Moore:
128 If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and sawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleue

That

the Moore of Venice.

Li.

That from the sense of all civilitie,
 I thus would play and trifle with your Renerence.
 Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
 I say againe) hath made a grosse reuolt,
 Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
 In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
 Of here, and euery where : Straight satisfie your selfe ;
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
 For thus deluding you.

132

136

140

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho : ..
 Giue me a taper, call vp all my people :
 This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
 Beleeve of it oppresses me already .
 Light I say, light.

144

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
 It seemes not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall,)
 Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
 (How euer this may gaule him with some checke)
 Cannot with safery cast him, for hee's imbarck'd,
 With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
 (Which euen now stands in act) that for their foules,
 Another of his fathome, they haue none
 To lead their businesse, in which regard,
 Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
 Yet for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
 Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely find him
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
 And there will I be with him. So farewell.

148

152

156

160

Exit.

*Enter Brabantio in his night gowne, and seruants
 with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo,*

Where

I.i.

The Tragedy of Othello

164

Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
 With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
 How didst thou know 'twas she? (O she deceives me
 Past thought,) what said she to you? get more tapers,
 168 Raise all my kindred, are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truly I thinke they are.

172

Bra. O heauen, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
 Fathers from hence, truit nor your daughters mindes,
 By what you see them a&: is there not charmes,
 By which the property of youth and manhood
 May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
 Of some such thing.

Rod. Yes sir, I haue indeed.

176

Bra. Call vp my Brother: O would you had had her,
 Some one way, some another; doe you know
 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

180

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
 To get good guard, and goe along with mee.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at euery house Ile call,
 I may command at most: get weapons ho,
 And raise some speciall Officers of might:

184

On good *Roderigo*, Ile deferue your paynes.

Exeunt.

I.ii.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

4

Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
 Yet doe I hold it very stusse o'th conscience,
 To doe no contriu'd murder; I lacke iniquity
 Sometimes to doe me seruice: nine or ten times,
 I had thought to haue jerk'd him here,
 Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is,

8

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and prouoking tearmes
 Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,
 I did full hard forbear him: but I pray sir,
 Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
 That the Magnifico is much beloued,
 12 And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,

As

the Moore of Venice.

I.ii.

As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what restraint, and grecuance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)
Weele giue him cable.

16

+

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May speake vnbonnetted as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,

20

+

24

But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouse'd free condition,
Put into cicuumscription and confine
For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder? *and torches.*

28

Iag. These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest my right by: is it they?

32+

Iag. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the night vpon you (friends,)
What is the newes?

36

Cas. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your haft, post-haft appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you?

Cas. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes
Haue sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night one at anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent about three seuerall quests

40

44

The Tragedy of Othello

To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,

48 I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Caf. Auncient, what makes he here ?

Ia Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carriag;

If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

52 *Caf.* I doe not vnderstand.

Ia Hee's married.

Caf. To whom.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights
and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha'with you.

Caf. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

56 *Ia.* It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduise,

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hol'la, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him thiefe.

Iag. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,

60 Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares

Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter ?

Dam'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

64 For Ile referre me to all things of sense,

(If she in chaines of magick were not bound)

Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shund

68 The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)

Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome

Of such a thing as thou ? to feare, not to delight :

72 Iudge me the world, if t'is not grosse in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foule charmes,

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,

That weakens motion : Ile haue't disputed on ;

Tis

the Moore of Venice.

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abaser of the world, a praetiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should haue known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaues, and Pagans shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights
and Attendants.*

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 Sena. Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies,

Du. and mine an hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred:

B 2

But

9

I.ii.

76 +

80

84

88

92

96

I.iii.

4

The Tragedy of Othello

But though they iumpe not on a iust account,
 (As in these cases, where they ayme reports,
 Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
 A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement :
 I doe not so secure me to the error,
 But the mayne Article I doe approue

In fearefull sense *Enter a Messenger*

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho ?

Officer. A messenger from the Gallies,

Du Now, the businesse ?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
 So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.

Du. How say you by this change ?

Sena. This cannot be by no assay of reason—

Tis a Pageant,

To keepe vs in false gaze : when we consider

The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke* :

And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,

That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,

So may he with more facile question beare it,

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

Who altogether lacks th'abilities

That *Rhodes* is drest in : if we make thought of this,

We must not thinke the *Turke* is so vnskilfull,

To leaue that latest which oncernes him first ;

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,

To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.

Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2 Messenger.*

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gracious,

Steering with due course, toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,

Haue there inioynted them with an after fleet,

Sena. I, so I thought, how many, as you guesse.

Mes. Of 30. saile, and now they doe resterne

Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance

Their purposes towards *Cyprus* : Seignior *Montano*,

Your trusty and most valiant seruitor,

With

the Moore of Venice.

I. iii.

With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to belecue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?

I Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs to him post, post hast dispatch.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio,
Desdemona, and Officers.*

I Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must straite employ you,
Against the generall enemy *Ottoman*;

I did not see you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counsell, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular griefe,
Is offso floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Du. Why, whats the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicines, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could nor.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne sense, yea tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;

B 3

Here

The Tragedy of Othello

Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approu'd good Masters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending;
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pitch,
Till now some nine Moones walted, they haue vs'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I would a round vnrauish'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall :)
I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold,
Off spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her selfe: and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maid, and most imperfect,
That will confesse, perfection so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du.

the Moore of Venice.

Liii.

Du. To vouch this is no prooffe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

108

I Sena. But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indire& and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

112

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me soule in her report,
The trust, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

116

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Exeunt two or three.

120

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as truely as to heauen
I doe confesse the vices of my bloud,
So iustly to your graue eares Ile present,
How I did thrine in this faire Ladyes loue,
And she in mine.

124

Du. Say it *Othello*.

Oth. Her father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life;
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, sciges, fortunes
That I haue past:

128

I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moouing accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth scapes ith' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my trauels historie;
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rockes and hils, whose heads touch heauen,

132

136

140

The Trageo of Othello

It was my hint to speake, such was my proesse :
 And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;
 144 The *Anthrophagie*, and men whose heads
 Doe grow beneath their shoulders : these to heare,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
 But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
 148 Which euer as she could with hast dispatch,
 Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
 Deuoure up my discourse ; which I obseruing,
 Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
 152 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcells she had something heard,
 But not inteniuely, I did consent,
 156 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some distressfull stroake
 That my youth suffered : my story being done ;
 She gaue me for my paines a world of fighes ;
 160 She swore I faith twas strange, twas pasing strange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull ;
 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
 That heauen had made her such a man : she thanked me,
 And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,
 164 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I spake :
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
 And I lon'd her that she did pittie them.
 168 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :
 Here comes the Lady,
 Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to ;—
 172 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,

the Moore of Venice.

I.iii.

Deſtruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle miſtreſſe ;
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience ?

180

Deſ. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuſided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to reſpect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband :
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

184

188

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done :
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State affaires ,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;
Come hither Moore :
I here doe giue thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee : for your ſake (Iewell,)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other childe,
For thy eſcape would reach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

192

196

Du. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe, and lay a ſentence
Which as a greeke or ſtep may helpe theſe louers
Into your fauour.

200

*

When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a miſcheiſe that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw more miſchiefe on :
What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a bootleſſe griefe.

204

208

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cyprus* vs beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile ;
He beares the ſentence well that nothing beares,

212

The Tragedy of Othello

But the free comfort, which from thence he heares :
 But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
 These sentences to lugal, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall :
 But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare.
 Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus* :
Othello, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we
 haue there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a so-
 ueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you, you
 must therefore be content to slubber the glosse of your new fortunes,
 with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome, most graue Senators,
 Hath made the flinty and Steele Cooch of warre,
 My thrice-driuen bed of downe : I doe agnize
 A naturall and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardnesse, and doe vndertake
 This present warre against the *Ottomites* :
 Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
 I crane fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibicion,
 With such accomodation and besort,
 As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye : most gracious Duke,
 To my vnfoldng lend a gracious eare,
 And let me find a charter in your voyce,
 T'assist my simplenesse. —

Du. What would you *Desdemona* ?

Des. That I did lone the Moore to liue with him,
 My downe right uiolence, and storme of Fortunes,
 May trumpet to the world : my hearts subdued,

Euen

the Moore of Venice.

Liii.

Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord :

I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde,

And to his Honors and his valiant parts

Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate,

So that deare Lords, if I be left behinde,

A Moth of peace, and he goe to the warre,

The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,

And I a heauy interim shall support,

By his deare absence: let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will

Haue a free way :

Vouch with me heauen, I therefore beg it not

To please the palat of my appetite,

No to comply with heare, the young affects

In my defect, and proper satisfaction,

But to be free and bounteous to her mind,

And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke

I will your serious and good businesse scant,

For she is with me;—no, when light wingd toys,

And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,

My speculatiue and actiue instruments,

That my disports corrupt and taint my businesse,

Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,

And all indigne and base aduersities,

Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,

Eyther for her stay or going, the affaire cries halt,

And speed must answere, you must hence to night.

Des. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th morning here weel meet againe.

Othello, leaue some officer behind,

And he shall our Commission bring to you,

With such things else of quality and respect,

As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,

A man he is of honesty and trust,

To his conueyance I asigne my wife,

C 2

With

The Tragedy of Othello

With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:

Good night to every one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 Sena. Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best aduantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and Desdemona.*

Iag. What faist thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkst thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well if thou dost, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we
haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physitian.

Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times se-
uen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefite, and an
iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I
would say I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I
would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I doe? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond,
but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus,
our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners; so that
if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice set Isop, and weed vp Time;
supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many: ei-
ther to haue it sterill with idlenesse, or manur'd with industry, why
the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the
bal.

the Moore of Venice.

I.iii.

ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and baseness of our natures, would conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vobitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meere lyf of the blood, and a permission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres, defeat thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse.—These Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She must change for youth; when thee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to be drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iag. Thou art sure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is hearted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many euents in the wombe of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerse, goe, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th morning?

Iag. At my lodging

C ;

Rod

The Tragedy of Othello

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

384 *Iag.* Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?

* *Rod.* What say you?

* *Iag.* No more of drowning, doe you heare?

388 *Rod.* I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purfe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,

392 But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true—

Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
396 Will doe, as if for surety; he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.

Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
400 A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* care,

That he is too familiar with his wife;
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
404 To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:

The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asses are:

408 I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

*Enter Montanio, Gouernor of Cyprus, with
two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVhat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
4 Descry a saile.

Mon.

the Moore of Venice.

If

Mon. Me thinks the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast nere shooke our battlements :
If it ha ruffiand so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when mountaine melt on them,
Can hold the morties,—What shall we heare of this?

8 +

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet :
For doe but stand vpon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
I neuer did like molestation view,
On the enchafed flood.

12

16

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inselter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lads, your warres are done :
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their desigment halts :
A Noble shippe of *Venice*,
Hath scene a grieuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

20

24

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 *Gen.* The shippe is here put in :
A Veronesia, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come a shore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

28

Mon. I am gladon't, tis a worthy Gouvernour.

3 *Gen.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.

32

Mon. Pray heauen he be :
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier :
Lets to the sea side, ho,

II.

The Tragedy of Othello

36 Aswell to see the vessell thats come in,
 As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
 + Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
 An indistinct regard.

40 3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe so,
 For euery minute is expectancy
 Of more arriuance. *Enter Cassio.*

44 *Cas.* Thankes to the valiant of this Isle,
 That so approue the Moore, and let the heaucns
 Giue him defence against their Elements,
 For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

48 *Cas.* His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilore
 Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
 Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
 Stand in bold cure *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.

52 *Cas.* What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
 Strands ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the gouernement.

56 2 *Gent.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
 Our friend at least. *A shot.*

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
 And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*

60 *Mon.* But good Lieutenant. is your Generall wiu'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
 That parragons description, and wild fame;
 One that excells the quirkes of blasoning pens;
 64 And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
 + Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?

Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
 He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 68 The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
 Traitors ensleep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,

As

the Moore of Venice.

II.i.

As hauing sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.

72

Mon. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our great Capitaines Capitaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede—great *Ioue* *Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

76

80

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits :
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees :
Haile to thee Lady : and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

*

84

Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio* :
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

88

Caf. He is not yet arrived, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. O but I feare :—how lost you company?

[*within.*] *A saile, a saile.*

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellow ship : but harken, a saile.

92

Gent. They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the newes :
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

96

100

Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,

D

Yourd

The Tragedy of Othello

You'd haue enough.

Des. Alas ! she has no speach.

104

Iag. In faith too much :

+

I find it still, for when I ha leaue to sleepe,

Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,

She put her tongue alittle in her heart,

108

And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores :

Bells in your Parlors : Wildcats in your Kitchins .

112

Saints in your iniuries : Diuels being offended :

Plauers in your housewifery; and housewines in your beds.

Des. O fie vpon thee slanderer.

116

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,

You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,

If thou shouldst praise me ?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,

120

For I am nothing, if not criticall.

Des. Come on, assay—there's one gon to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

124

Des. I am not merry, but I doe beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise :

124

Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,

128

It plucks out braine and all : but my Muse labors,

And thus she is deliuered :

If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit ;

The one's for use, the other useth it.

132

Des. Well prais'd : how if she be black and witty ?

Iag. *If she be blarke, and thereto haue a wit,*

Shee'l finde a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

136

Em. How if faire and foolish ?

Iag. *She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,*

For

the Moore of Venice.

II.1.

For even her folly helps her to an Heire.

Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'th Alehouse:
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

Iag. *There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.*

Des. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what
praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one, that
in the authority of her merits, did iustly put on the vouch of very
malice it selfe?

Iag. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her with, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisdom, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codsheed for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a wight, (if euer such wights were,)*

Des. To doe what?

Iag. *To suckie fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emilia*, tho he be thy husband:
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Madam, you may relish him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well fed, whisper; with as
little a webbe as this, will I ensnare as great a Fie as *Cassio*. I, smile
vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say true,
tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leire-
nantry, it had been better you had not rist your three fingers so oft,
which now againe, you are most apt to play the fir in: very good,
well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fin-
gers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.
The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpet within.

D 2

Enter

The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Caf. Tis truly so.

Des. Lets meet him, and receiue him.

Caf. Loe, where he comes.

184 *Oth.* O my faire Warriour.

Des. My deare *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder, great as my content,

To see you here before me : O my soules ioy,

If after every tempest, come such calmeneffe,

188 May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death;

And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas,

Olympus high, and duck againe as low,

As hell's from heauen; If it were now to dye,

192 T'were now to be most happy, for I feare

My soule hath her content so absolute,

That not annther comfort, like to this

Succeeds in vnknown Fate.

Des. The heauens forbid,

196 But that our loues and comforts should increase,

Euen as our dayes doe grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers;

I cannot speake enough of this content,

It stops me here, it is too much of ioy :

200 And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *kisse*.

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,

But Ile set downe the pegs, that makes this musique,

As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle :

+ 204 Newes friend, our wars are done, the *Turks* are dr

How dos my old acquaintance of this Isle ?

Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;

I haue found great loue amongst them : O my sweet;

208 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,

In mine owne comforts : i prethee good *Iago*,

Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;

Bring thou the Master to the Citadell :

212 He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

Does

the Moore of Venice.

II.1.

Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exeunt.

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour: come hither, If thou bee'st valiant, (as they say, base men being in loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is native to them,)—list me, the Lieutenant to night warches on the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastickall lies; and will she loue him still for prating? let not the discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to looke on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and giue faciety a fresh appetite. Louelines in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in: now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tenderness will find it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, disrelissh and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and compell her to some second choyce: Now sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant and enforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affections: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeite aduantages, tho true aduantage neuer present it selfe. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes looke after; a pestilent compleat knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleuee that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine she drinkes is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to the

216

220

224

228

232 +

236

240

244

248

< 3 words

252

256

< 2 words

260

< 3 words

264

the Moore of Venice.

That iudgement can not cure ; which thing to doe,
 If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I trace,
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
 (For I feare *Cassio*, with my night cap to)
 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an Ass,
 And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
 Euen to madnesse : — tis heere, but yet confus'd ;
 Knaueries plaine face is neuer scene, till vs'd.

Exit

Enter Othello's Herald, reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon
 certaine tidings now arrived, importing the meere perdition of the
Turkish Fleete ; that euery man put himselfe into triumph ; some to
 dance, some make bonfires ; each man to what sport and Reuels his
 addi&ion leads him ; for besides these beneficiall newes, it is the ce-
 lebration of his Nuptials : So much was his pleasure should be pro-
 claimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberry, from this pre-
 sent houre of five, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen blesse the Isle
 of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael* looke you to the guard to night,
 Lets teach our selues that honourable stoppe,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to doe :
 But notwithstanding, with my personall eye
 Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest :
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earliest,
 Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
 That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
 Good night.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter

II. i.

312

316

320

II. ii.

4

8

12

II. iii.

4

8

The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Iago.

12 *Caf.* Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Lieutenant, tis not yet ten a'clock: our Ge-
nerall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona*, who let vs not
16 therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her,
and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Caf. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

20 *Caf.* Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has?

Me thinks it sounds a parly of prouocation.

24 *Caf.* An inuiting eye, and yet me thinks right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

28 *Caf.* She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes——come Lieutenant, I
haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gal-
lants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke
32 *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy
36 braines for drinking: I could well wish courtesie would inuent some
other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup; Ile drinke for you.

40 *Caf.* I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qua-
lified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfor-
44 tunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any
more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

48 *Iag.* Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caf. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
52 Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
+ As my young mistris dog:—Noy now sicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward)
56 To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,

(That

the Moore of Venice.

IIiii.

(That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,)
Have I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongst this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,

That may offend the Isle; *Enter Montanio, Cassio,*

But here they come: *and others.*

If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate sailes freely, both with wind and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,

As I am a Soldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe:

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:

A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke. — Some wine boyes.

Cas. Fore heauen an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent in
potting: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your swag-bellied *Hollan-*
der, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so exquisite in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinke you with facility, your *Dane* dead drunke:
he sweates not to overthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander*
a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filld.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweet *England*, —

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,

His breeches cost him but a crowne,

He bid' em sixpence all to deere,

With that he cald the Taylor lowne,

He was a wight of high renowne,

And thou art but of low degree,

Tis pride that puls the Countrey downe,

Then take thine auld cloke about thee. — Some wine ho.

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

E

Cas.

The Tragedy of Othello

Cas. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things well, Heauen's about all, and there bee soules that must bee saued.

Iag. It is true good Leutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saued.

Iag. And so doe I Leutenant.

Cas. I, but by your leaue, not before me ; the Leutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this, let's to our affaires : forgiue vs our sins ; Gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse : doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand : I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then : you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Exit.

Mon. To the platforme masters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,

He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cas.*

And giue direction : and doe but see his vice ;

Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,

The one as long as th'other : tis pittie of him,

I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,

On some odde time of his infirmity,

Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe :

Hee'll watch the horolodge a double set,

If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the Generall were put in minde of it, perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature

praises the vertue that appeares in *Cassio*,

And looks not on his euills : is not this true ?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,

Enter Roderigo.

I pray you after the Leutenant, goe.

Exit Rod.

Mon. And tis great pittie that the noble Moore should hazard such a place, as his owne second, With one of an ingraft infirmity :

the Moore of Venice.

II.iii.

It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire Island :

I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill : but hark, what noyse.

148

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascal.

Mon. What's the matter Leutenant ?

Cas. A knaue, teach me my duty : but Ile beate the knaue into a
wicker bottle.

152

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate rogue ?

Mon. Good Leutenant ; pray fir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe fir, or Ile knock you ore the mazzard.

156

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke ? *they fight.*

Iag. Away I say, goe out, and cry a muteny.

Exit Rod.

Nay good Leutenant : God's-will Gentlemen,

Helpeho, Leutenant ! Sir, *Montanio*, fir,

Helpe matters, heer's a goodly watch indeed :

A bell rings.

160

Who's that that rings the bell ? Diablo—ho,

The Towne will rise, fie, fie, Leutenant, hold,

You will be sham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What's the matter heere ?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*

164

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leutenant, fir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of sence, and duty :

Hold, the Generall speakes to you ; hold, hold, for shame.

168

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this ?

Are we turnd *Turkes*, and to our selues doe that,

Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottomites* :

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle ;

172

He that stirres next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his foule light, he dies vpon his motion :

The Tragedy of Othello.

Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety : what's the matter masters ?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,

In quarter, and in termes, like bride and grooms,

Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speake.

Any beginning to this peeuissh odds ;

And would in action glorious, I had lost

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot ?

Caf. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be cinill,

The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,

The world hath noted and your name is great,

In mouthes of wisest censure : what's the matter,

That you vnlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night brawler ? giue me answer to't ?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,

While I spare speeche, which something now offends me,

Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought

By me, thar's faide or done amisse this night ;

Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,

And to defend our selues it be a sinne,

When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,

Assayes to leade the way : If once I stirre,

Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you

Shall sinke in my rebuke : giue me to know

How this foule rout began, who set it on,

And he that is approou'd in this offence,

Tho

the Moore of Venice.

III.

Tho he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domestike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

212

Mon. If partiality affind, or league in office
Thou doest deliver more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no soldier.

216

†

220

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha' this tongue out of my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might say before: when I came backe,
For this was brieife, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget:
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best:
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleene receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

224

228

232

236

240

244

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,

II.iii

The Tragedy of Othello

248 Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Looke if my gentle loue be not rais'd vp:

Enter Desdemona, with others.

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

252 *Oth.* All's well now sweeting:

Come away to bed: fir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;

256 *Iago*, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.

Come *Desdemona*, tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Iag. What, are you hui't Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

260 *Cas.* I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary Heauen forbid.

264 *Cas.* Reputation reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part fir of my selfe,

And what remaines is bestiall, my reputation.

Iago, my reputation.

268 *Iag.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bo-
dily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: re-
putation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit,
and lost without deserning: You haue lost no reputation at all, vn-
272 lesse you repute your selfe such a toser; what man, there are wayes
to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a
punishment more in policie, then in malice, euen so, as one would
276 beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to
him againe, and he's yours.

280 *Cas.* I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a
Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer.
Drunke? and speake parrat? and squabble, swagger, swear? and
discourse fustian with ones owne shaddow O thou inuisible spirit of
284 wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he that you followed with your sword:
What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iag.

the Moore of Venice.

Iiii

Iag. Ist possible ?

Caf. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their braines ; that wee should with ioy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beastes.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recovered ?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the deuill drunkenesse, to giue place to the deuill wrath ; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuerer a morraller ; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befallne ; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your owne good

Caf. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard : had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all ; to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast : euery inordinate cuppe is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd ; exclaime no more against it ; and good Leutenant, I think you thinke I loue you.

Caf. I haue well approou'd it fir, — I drunke ?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may be drunke at some time man : He tell you what you shall doe, — our Generals wife is now the Generall ; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and denotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe, freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe : she is so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition that she holds it a vice in her goodnes, not to doe more then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall grow stronger then it was before.

Caf. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Caf. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me ; I am desperate
of

The Tragedy of Othello

of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right :

340 *Good night* Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*.

Exit.

344 *Iag.* And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,

When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,

348 Probass to thinking, and indeed the course,

To win the Moore agen ? For tis most easie

The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,

352 In any honest suite she's fram'd as fruitfull,

As the free Elements : and then for her

To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptisme,

All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,

356 His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,

That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,

Euen as her appetite shall play the god

With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,

360 To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course,

Directly to his good ? diuinity of hell,

When diuells will their blackest sins put on,

They doe suggest at first with heavenly shewes,

364 As I doe now ; for whilst this honest foole

Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore ;

He poure this pestilence into his eare,

368 That she repeales him for her bodies lust ;

And by how much she strives to doe him good,

She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore ;

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnesse, make the net

372 That shall enmesh them all: *Enter Roderigo*.

How now *Roderigo* ?

376 *Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but
one that fills vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night
exceedingly well cudgell'd: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so
much experience for my paines, and so no money at all, and with a
little more wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience ?

What

the Moore of Venice.

III

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees ?
 Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Dos't not goe well ? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cas't her'd *Cassio*,
 Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
 Yet fruites that blofome first, will first be ripe ;
 Content thy selfe a while ; by'th masse tis morning ;
 Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short :
 Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
 Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay get thee gon : Some things are to be done,
 My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
 Ile set her on.
 My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
 And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
 Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way,
 Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay. *Exeunt.*

380

384

388

392

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

III

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. **M**Asters, play here, I will content your paines,
 Something thats briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.

They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clo. Why masters, ha your Instruments bin at *Naples*, that they
 speake i'th nose thus ?

4

Boy. How sir, how ?

Clo. Are these I pray, cold wind Instruments ?

8

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir ?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But
 masters, heer's money for you, and the Generall so likes your mu-
 sique, that hee desires you for loues sake, to make no more noyse
 with it.

12

F

Boy.

The Tragedy of Othello

16

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, tot a gaine, but as they say, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

20

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away ; goe, vanish into aire away.

Caf. Dost thou heare my honest friend ?

24

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

28

Caf. Prethee keepe vp thy quilllets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee : if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her ther's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speach—wilt thou doe this ?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her.

Enter Iago.

(* ½ line) 32

Caf. Doe good my friend : In happy time ? *Iago.* *Exit Clo.*

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

35-6

Caf. Why no, the day had broke before we parted :
I ha made bold *Iago* to send in to your wife,—my suite to her,
Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*,
Procure me some accessse.

40

Iag. Ile send her to you presently,
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuetsse and businesse,
May be more free.

Exit.

Caf. I humbly thanke you for't : I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

Entr Emilla.

44

Em. Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And he speakes for you stoutly : the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,
He might not but refuse : but he protests he loues you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

52

Caf.

the Moore of Venice.

III

Caf. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some brieffe discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

56

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
To speake your bosome freely.

Caf. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt,*

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

III

Oth. These letters giue *Iago* to the Pilate,
And by him, doe my duries to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the workes,
Repaire there to me.

+

Iag. Well my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.

III

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam doe, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

4

Des. O that's an honest fellow:—doe not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Caf. Bounteous Madame,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

8

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

12+

Caf. I but Lady,
That pollicy may either last so long,
Or feed vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it selfe so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,

16

The Tragedy of Othello

My Generall will forget my loue and seruice.

Des. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
 20 I giue thee warrant of thy place? assure thee,
 If I doe vow a friendship, Ile performe it,
 To the last Article: my Lord shall neuer rest,
 24 Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
 His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,
 Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
 With *Cassio's* suite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
 For thy soliciter shall rather die,
 28 Then giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, ile take my leaue.

Des. Nay stay, and heare me speake.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
 32 Vnfit for mine owne purpose.

Des. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if, — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my Lord? — no sure, I cannot thinke it,
 36 That he would steale away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe beleue twas he.

Des. How now my Lord,

I haue been talking with a suiter here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,
 44 If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
 His present reconciliation take:
 For if he be not one that truely loues you,
 48 That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
 I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
 I prethee call him backe.

Oth.

the Moore of Venice.

III

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To suffer with him; good Loue call him backe.

Ot. Not now sweet *Desdemona*, some other time.

Des. But shal't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner sweet for you.

Des. Shal't be to night at supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,

I meet the Capitaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, or tuesday morne,
On tuesday morne, or night, or wednesday morne,
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: I faith hee's penitent.
And yet his trespassse, in our common reason,
(Säue that they say, the warres must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when shall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my soule,
What you could aske me, that I should deny?
Or stand so mam'ring on? What *Michael Cassio*?
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time
When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath rane your part, to haue so much to doe
To bring him in? Trust me, I could doe much,—

Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I should intreat you weare your gloues:
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warme,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,

The Tragedy of Othello

84

Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leane me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.

88

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Des. *Emilia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you.
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt Des. and Em.*

92

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?

96

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last:—Why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thought,

No further harme.

100

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went between vs very oft.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

104

Iag. Honest my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I honest.

Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my Lord?

108

Oth. Thinke my Lord? why dost thou ecchoe me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be showne: Thou dost meane something:

112

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,

In my whole course of wooing thou cridst indeed?

And didst contract, and putte thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,

116

Some horrible conceit: If thou doest loue me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My Lord you know I loue you.

Oth.

the Moore of Venice.

III.iii.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
And weighest thy words, before thou giu'st 'em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more ;
For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
Are trickes of custome ; but in a man that's iust,
They are close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet ther's more in this,
I prethee speake to me, as to thy thinkings .
As thou doest ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me ;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound so that all flauers are free to,
Vtter my thoughts : Why, say they are vile and false :
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude nor ? Who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanly apprehensions,
Keepe leetes and law- dayes and in scision fit
With meditations lawfull ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his care
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
(As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not :) that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,

Out

The Tragedy of Othello

152 Out of my scattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou meane ?

156 *Iag.* Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules :
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands :
But he that filches from me my good name,
160 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.

164 *Iag.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whiſt tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha ?

Iag. O beware (my Lord) of iealouſie ;
It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lins in blis,
168 Whocertaine of his fate, loues not his wronger :
But oh, what damned minures tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.

Oth. O miſery.

172 *Iag.* Poore and content, iſ rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore :
Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie.

176 *Oth.* Why, why is this ?
Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie ?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions ? No, to be once in doubt,
180 Is once to be reſolu'd ; exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmifes,
Matching thy inference : tis not to make me iealous,
184 To ſay my wife iſ faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well ;

Where

the Moore of Venice.

III

Where vertue is, these are more vertuous :
 Not from mine owne weake merits will I draw
 The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
 For she had eies, and chosen me : no *Iago*,
 He see before I doubt, when I doubt, prone,
 And on the prooffe, there is no more but this ;
 Away at once with loue or ieaiousie.

188

2

192

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,
 To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,
 With franker spirit : therefore as I am bound
 Receiue it from me : I speake not yet of prooffe,
 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio* ;
 Weare your eie thus, not ieaious, nor secure,
 I would not haue your free and noble nature,
 Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke too't :
 I know our Countrey disposition well,
 In *Venice* they doe let Heauen see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands: their best conscience
 Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe't vnknowne.

196

200

204

Oth. Doe'st thou say so ?

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you :
 And when she seem'd to shake and feare your looks,
 She lou'd them most.

208

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
 She that so young, could giue our such a seeming,
 To seale her fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
 He thought 'twas witchcraft : but I am much too blame ;
 I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much louing you.

212

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dash't your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Trust me, I feare it has.

216

I hope you will consider, what is spoke,
 Comes from my loue : but I doe see you are mou'd,
 I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,

The Tragedy of Othello

220

Then to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at : *Cassio's* my worthy friends:

224

My Lord I see you are moon'd,

Oth. No, not much moon'd,

I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

228

Iag. I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,

Not to affect many propos'd matches,
Of her owne cline, complexion, and degree,

+ 232

Whereto we see in all things, nature tends ;

Pie we may smell in such a will most ranke,

Foule disproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.

But pardon me : I doe not in position,

Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare

236

Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,

May fall to match you with her country formes,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more

239-40

Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on

Thy wife to obserue : leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.

244

Iag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,

To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,

And though tis fit that *Cassio* haue his place,

(For sure he fills it vp with great ability,)

248

Yet if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that, perceiue him and his meanes ;

Note if your Lady straine her entertainment,

With any strong or vehement importunity,

252

Much will be scene in that, in the meane time,

Let me be thought too busie in my feares,

(As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am :)

And

the Moore of Venice.

III.iii.

And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned spirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shew's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to loath her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis deiteny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
Ile not belceue it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Des. How now my deare *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited doe attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.

Des. Why that's with watching, it will away againe;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

G 2

En.

256

260

+

264

268

272

276

280 +

284

288

The Tragedy of Othello

Em. I am glad I haue found this'napkin, *Exit Oth. and Des.*

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,

292 My wayward husband, hath a hundred times

Woored me to steale it, but she so lones the token,

For he coniu'r'd her, she should euer keepe it,

That she referues it euer more about her,

296 To kisse, and talke to ; He ha the worke tane out,

And giu't *Iago* : what he'l doe with it,

Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter Iago.*

I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

300 *Iag.* How now, what doe you here alone ?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—

Em. Ha ?

304 *Iag.* To haue a foolish wife.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,

For that same handkerchiefe ?

Iag. What handkerchiefe ?

Em. What handkerchiefe ?

308 Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'st stole it from her ?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,

312 And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp :

Looke, here it is.

Iag. A good wench giue it me.

Em. What will you doe with it,

That you haue bin so earnest to haue me filch it ?

Iag. Why, what's that to you ?

316 *Em.* If't be not for some purpose of import,

Giue mee'r againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad

When she shall lacke it.

319-20 *Iag.* Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vsf for it :—go leaue me ;

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,

Exit Em.

And let him find it : Trifles light as ayre,

Are to the iealous, confirmations strong

324 As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe something :

The Moore already changes with my poison,

Dan-

the Moore of Venice.

III

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
But with a little act vpon the blood, *Enter Othello.*
Burne like the mines of sulphure: I did say so:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the droulie siropps of the world,
Shall euer medecine thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?

Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.

Ot. Auant, be gon, thou hast fet me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iag. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the care-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And, O ye morrall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortal *Jones* great clamors counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, before thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,

The Tragedy of Othello

Thou hadst bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then answere my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

364 *Ot.* Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That rhe probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on : or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

368 *Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse :
On horrors head, horrors accumulate :
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
372 For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a foule or fence ?
God buy you, take my office, -- O wretched foole,
376 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice ;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
380 Ile loue no friend, since loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the world,
384 I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not,
Ile haue some prooffe : her name that was as fresh
As *Dians* visage, is now begrimd, and blacke
388 As mine owne face : If there be cords, or kniues,
Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not endure it : would I were satisfied.

392 *Iag.* I see fit, you are eaten vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you ;
You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, bur how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the superuision grossely gape on,
Behold her topt ?

Oth.

the Moore of Venice.

III.iii.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them bouldster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?

400

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies
Asfalt as Wolues in pride, and fooles as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

404

408

Ot. Giue me a liuing reason, that she's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But lith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe,
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweet creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

412

416

420

424

Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a siurewd doubt tho it be but a dreame,

428

Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstirate thinly.

Oth. He teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,

432

ste

The Tragedy of Othello

She may be honest yet : tell me but this,
 Have you not sometimes seene a handkerchiefe,
 Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand?

436 *Oth.* I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkerchiefe
 I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
 See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. Ift be that.

440 *Iag.* If it be that, or any, it was hers,
 It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
 One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge :
 444 Now I doe see tis true, looke here *Iago*,
 All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, — tis gone.
 Arise blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
 448 Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
 To tyrannous hate, (swell bosome with thy fraught,
 For tis of Aspics tongues. *he kneeles.*

Iag. Pray be content.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.

452 *Iag.* Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago*;

Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course,
 Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
 456 To the *Propontick* and the *Hellefont* :
 Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,
 Till that a capeable and wide reuenge
 460 Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
 In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
 I here ingage my words.

Iag. Doe not rise yet : *Iago kneels.*

†
 464 Witnesse the euer-burning lights above,
 You Elements that clip vs round about ;
 Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
 The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
 To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice : let him command,

And

the Moore of Venice.

IIIiii

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody worke so euer.

468

Orb. I greet thy loue ;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue.

472

Iag. My friend is dead :
Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

Orb. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire deuill : now art thou my Leiuenant.

476

Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

IIIiv

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and the Clowne.

Des. Doe you know sirra, where the Leiuenant *Cassio* lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

4

Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to say a Soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to, where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

8

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging,
and say he lies there, were to lie in mine owne throate.

12

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

< 4 words

Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions,
And by them answer.

16

Des. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moned my
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

20

Clo. To doe this, is within the compasse of mans witte, and there-
fore Ile attempt the doing of it.

Exit.

Des. Where should I loose that handkerchiefe *Emilia*?

Em. I know not Madam.

24

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes : and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no such basenesse,
As iealous creatures are, it were enough

28

H

To

The Tragedy of Othello

To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not iealous?

Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,

Drew all such humors from him. *Enter Othello.*

Em. Looke where he comes.

32 *Des.* I will not leaue him now,

Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

36 *Oth.* Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberall heart,

Hot, hot, and moist, this hand of yours requires

40 A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,

Much castigation, exercise deuout;

For here's a young and sweating deuill here,

That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,

A franke one.

44 *Des.* You may indeed say so,

For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,

But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.

48 *Des.* I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhu me offends me,

52 Lend me thy handkerchiefe.

Des. Here my Lord

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Des. No indeed my Lord.

56 *Oth.* Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe

Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,

She was a Charmer, and could almost reade

The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,

Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

the Moore of Venice.

IIIiv.

Intirely to her loue : But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it ; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spir its should hunt
After new fancies : She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me, when my fate would haue me wiuie,
To giue it her ; I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loofe, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As norhing else could match.

Def. I't possible ?

Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke :
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the silke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed, i't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

Def. Then would to God that I had neuer seene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore ?

Def. Why doe you speake so startlingly and rash ?

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way ?

Def. Blisse vs.

Oth. Say you ?

Def. It is not lost, but what and if it were ?

Oth. Ha.

Def. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,

Def. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind misgiues.

De. Come, come, you'l neuer meet a more sufficient man,

Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Def. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you,

H 2

Oth.

60

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

92

that times

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Des. In sooth you are too blame.

Oth. Away. *Exit.*

Em. Is not this man icalous?

Des. I nere saw this before:

Sure ther's some wonder in this handkerchiefe,

I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man,

They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;

They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,

And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, whats the newes with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,

That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe

Exist, and be a member of his loue,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:

If my offence be of such mortall kind,

That not my seruice past, nor present sorrowes,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransome me into his loue againe,

But to know so, must be my benefit,

So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,

And shut my selfe vp in some other course,

To fortunes almes.

Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,

My aduocation is not now in tune;

My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,

Were he in fauour, as in humor altred:

So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,

As I haue spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,

For my free speech: you must a while be patient,

What I can doe I will, and more I will

Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag.

the Moore of Venice.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse,

Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his ranks into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very arme.

Pust his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prethee doe so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatte practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus* to him.

Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,

Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so; for let our finger ake,

And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke.

Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances

As fits the Bridall: befrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome warrior as I am)

Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule;
But now I find, I had subbornd the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.

Em. Pray heauen it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so.
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

*Exeunt Desd.
and Emilia.*

The Tragedy of Othello

166

Caf. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*.

Caf. What make you from home?

How is it with you my most faire *Bianca*?

Indeed sweet loue I was comming to your house.

172

Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Cassio*;

What keepe a weeke away? ten daies and nights,

Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,

More redious then the diall, eightscore times,

176

Oh weary reckoning.

Caf. Pardon me *Bianca*,

I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin prest,

But I shall in a more continueate time,

Strike off this score of absence: sweet *Bianca*,

180

Take me this worke out.

Bia. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend

To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,

It's come to this? well, well.

Caf. Go to woman,

184

Throw your vile ghesse in the deuills teeth,

From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,

That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance,

No in good troth *Bianca*.

Bia. Why, whose is it?

188

Caf. I know not sweet, I found it in my chamber,

I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,

Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

192

Bia. Leaue you, wherefore?

Caf. I doe attend here on the Generall,

And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

To haue him see me woman'd.

Bia. Why I pray you?

Caf. Not that I loue you not.

196

Bia. But that you doe not loue me:

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Caf.

the Moore of Venice.

IIIiv.

Caf. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but Ile see you soone.

200

Bia. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

IVi.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. **W**ill you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so *Iago.*

Iag. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

4

Oth. Naked abed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hipocrisie against the deuill:
They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The deuill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen.

8

Iag. Soe they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I giue my wife a handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow'r on any man.

12

Oth. She is protectresse of her honour too,
May she giue that?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not scene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkerchiefe.

16

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.

20

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,

24

Or

The Tragedy of Othello

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Coniured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
 But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
 No more then hee'l vnswear.

Oth. What hath he sayd?

Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely
 her; lye with her, that's fullsome; handkerchiefs, confession, hand-
 kerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd,
 and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest her-
 selfe in such shadowing palsion, without some instruction: It is not
 words that shakes me thus, (pish) noses, eares, and hippes: Is't possi-
 ble? confesse? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are
 caught, and many worthy and chaste Dames, euen thus (all guiltlesse,)
 meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*,—how
 now *Cassio*? *Enter Cassio.*

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is false into an Epilepsy,
 This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbear,

The Lethargie must haue his quiet course,
 If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
 Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke, he stirres:
 Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
 He will recouer straight; when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speake with you.

How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mocke me? *Exit Cas.*

Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,

Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag.

the Moore of Venice.

IV. i.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a civill monster.

Oth. Didhe confesse?

Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar : your case is better :
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her chaste : No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list :
Whilst you were here orewhelmed with your grieffe,
(A passion most vnfitting such a man.)
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scule vpon your extasy;
Bad him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd : But incaue your selfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife :
I say, but marke his ieaulture, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But dost thou heare, most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse :
But yet keepe time in all : will you withdraw ?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes ; it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio* ; as tis the strumpets plague

The Tragedy of Othello

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one : *Enter Cas.*

He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtaine
From the exceſſe of laughter : here he comes :

As he ſhall ſmile *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh icalouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Cafſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong : How doe you now Lieutenant ?

Cas. The worſer that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Cas. Alas poore catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cafſio* ?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on ;
Goe to, well ſaide.

Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?

Cas. I marry her ? what ? a Customer ;

I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wins.

Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Cas. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe.

Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me ? well.

Cas. This is the monkies own giuing out ; ſhe is perſwaded I will
marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Cas. She was heere euen now, ſhe haunts me in euery place ; I was
tother day talking on the ſea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thi-
ther comes this bauble, fals me thus about my necke.

Oth.

the Moore of Venice.

IV.i.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were : his gesture imports it.

Caf. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me ; so haies, and pu me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber ;
I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Caf. Well. I must leaue her company : *Enter Bianca.*

Before me, looke where she comes,

Tis such another Fitchew ; marry a perfum'd one : What doe you meane by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the deuill and his dam haunt you : what did you meane by that same handkerchiefe you gaue mee euen now ? I was a fine foole to take it ; I must take out the worke, a likely peccer of worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there : this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke ; there, giue it the hobby horse ; wheresoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caf. How now my sweet *Bianca*, how now, how now ?

Oth. By heauen that should be my handkerchiefe.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caf. I must seee'l raile i'the street else.

Iag. You sup there.

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake with you.

Caf. Prethe come, will you ?

Iag. Goe to say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago* ?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O *Iago*.

Iag. And did you see the handkerchiefe ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

I would haue him nine yeres a killing ; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweet woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget that

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for shee shall not liue : no, my heart is turn'd to a stone ; I strike it, and it hurts

144 +

148

†Pers

152

156

160

168

172

176

180

184

188

192

+

The Tragedy of Othello

my hand : O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an
Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is : So delicate with her
needle, an admirable musitian ; O she will sing the sauagenesse our
of a Beare ; of so hye and plenteous wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worfe for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times : and then of so gentle a con-
dition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, oh the pittie.

Iag. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend,
for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes, —cuckold me !

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night Ile not expostulate with
her, lest her body and beaurty vnprouide my minde agen, this night
Iago.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed
she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases, very good.

Ia And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker : you shall heare more
by midnight

A Trumpet.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good :
What Trumpet is that same ?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* sure ; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good consen *Lodouico* ?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior : —
welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod.

the Moore of Venice.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues fir,

Des. Cousen, there's false between him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper :
Is there Diuision twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mow'd him ;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Deuill.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*.
Tho I should sweare I saw't : tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile :
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady :
I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistresse.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her fir?

the Moore of Venice.

Lod. Who I my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:

264 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,

268 Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:

I am commanded home: —get you away,

He send for you anon: —Sir, I obey the mandat,

And will returne to *Venice*: —hence, auant,

272 *Cassio* shall haue my place; and sir to night

I doe intreat that we may sup together,

You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, —goates and monkies,

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate

276 Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,

Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance

Could neither graze nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

280 *Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,

What he might be, if what he might, he is not,

I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

284 *Iag.* Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew

That stroake would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his wife?

Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,

And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas;

288 It is not honesty in me to speake

What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue

And his owne courtes will denote him so,

That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,

292 And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiurd in him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em.

The Tragedy of Othello

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue scene *Cassio* and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each fillable that breath made vp betweene'em.

Oth. What, did thy neuer whisper?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauen require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wines,
Is foule as slander.

Exit Emilia

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
A clofet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet shee'l kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't

Enter Desdemona and Emilia,

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chucked come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy, s this?

Oth. Some of your function Mistrisfe,
Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.

Des. Vpon my knees, What does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.

36 *Oth.* Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Left being like one of heauen, the deuills themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double damnd;
Sweare thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

40 *Des.* To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?

44 If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue lost him,
Why I haue lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
18 To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to capriuity, me and my hopes,
52 I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing finger at—oh, oh,
56 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
60 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
+ Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin.
64 I here looke grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
67-8 O thou black weed, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sence akes at thee,

Would

The Tragedy of Othello

Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore vpon?—What committed?

Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;

I should make very forges of my cheekes,

That would to cinders burne vp modestie,

Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed?

Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winks;

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,

Is hush't within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent strumpet,

Def. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,

From any other foule vnlawfull touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be faued.

Oth. Ist possible?

Def. O heauen forgiue vs.

Oth. I cry you mercy then,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,

Enter Emilia.

That married with *Othello*: You mistriss,

That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,

And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;

We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,

I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue:

How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:

Def. Faith halfe a sleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emilia*,

The Tragedy of Othello

- 104 I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water : prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
- Em.* Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
- 108 *Des.* Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau d, that he might sticke
The small'st op:inion on my least misuse. *Enter Iago*
Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? *and Emillia.*
How i'st with you?
- 112 *Des.* I can not tell : those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes ;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.
- Iag.* What is the matter Lady?
- 116 *Em.* Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.
- Des.* Am I that name *Iago*?
- Iag.* What name faire Lady?
- Des.* Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.
- 120 *Em.* He call'd her whore ; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.
- Iag.* Why did he so?
- Des.* I do not know, I am sure I am none such.
- 124 *Iag.* Doe not weepe, doe not weepe : alas the day.
Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?
- 128 *Des.* It is my wretched fortune.
- Iag.* Bestrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
- Des.* Nay, heauen doth know.
- Em.* I will be hangd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, coufening slaue, to get some office,
132 Haue not deuise this slander, Ile be hang'd else.
- Iag.* Fie there is no such man it is impossible.
- Des.* If any such there are heauen pardon him,

Em.

the Moore of Venice.

Ivii.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bowes :
 Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
 What place what time, what forme, what likelihood?
 The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous knave;
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow ;
 O heauen, that such compauions thoudst vnfold,
 And put in euery honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascall, naked through the world,
 Euen from the east to'rth west.

136

140

144

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him ; some such squire he was,
 That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

148

Des. O good *Iago*,
 What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
 Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
 I know not how I lost him.

Here I kneele :

If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his loue,
 Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,
 Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence,
 Dlighted them in any other forme ;
 Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
 And euer will (though he doe shake me off
 To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deereely ;
 Comfort forswear me; vnkindnesse may doe much,
 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
 But neuer taint my loue, I can not say whore,
 It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,
 To doe the act, that might th'addition earne,
 Not the world's masse of vanity could make me.

152

156

160

164

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
 The businesse of the State does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If t'were no other.

*

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you :
 Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper.

168

the Moore of Venice.

The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay;
Goe in, and waepe not, all things shall be well.

Exit women.

172 How now *Rodrigo*?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

176 *Rod.* Euery day thou doffest me, with some deuise *Iago*; and rather,
as it seemes to me now, kee'pst from me all conueniency, then sup-
180 pliest me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer
indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

184 *Rod.* Sir, I haue heard too much,
For your words and performance,
Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

188 *Rod.* With nought but trueth: I haue wasted my selfe out of
meanes; the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*,
would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has re-
192 ceiu'dem, and return'd me expectation, and comforts, of suddaine re-
spect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

196 *Rod.* Very well, goe to, I can not go to (man,) nor t'is not very
well; I say t'is very scuruy, and begin to find my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

200 *Rod.* I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe known to *Des-*
demona; if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite,
and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe, Ile
seeke satisfaction of you.

204 *Iag.* You haue saide now.

Rod. I, and saide nothing, but what I protest entendment of
doing.

208 *Iag.* Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this
instant, doe build on thee a better opinion then euer before;
giue me thy hande *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against mee a most
iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue dealt most directly in
212 thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appea'd, and your suspicion is not
with-

the Moore of Venice.

IV.ii.

without witte and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to belecue now, then euer, I meane, purpose, courage, and valour; this night shew it; if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commission come from *Venice*, To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* Rerurne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate, As the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place, Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe?

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I goe to him; —he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to waite: about it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt.

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodonico, Emillia,
and Attendants.*

IV.iii.

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladieship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: —O *Desdemona*.

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith
dispatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent :

He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe must not now displease him.

Em. VVould you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornnesse, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one, good father; how foolish are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that song to night
VVill not goe from my mind:
I haue much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poore *Bar-*
bary; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Des. No, vnpin me heere.

This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to
Palestine, for a touch of his neither lip.

Des.

the Moore of Venice.

IV.iii.

Desdemona sings.

The poore soule sat sighing by a sicamour tree,

sing all a green willow,

Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,

sing willow willow, willow ;

The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,

sing willow willow, willow,

Her salt teares fell from her, which softned the stonew,

sing willow &c. (Lay by these.)

willow, willow.

(Prethee hie thee, he'll come anon.)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorne I approne :

(Nay, that's not next : harke, who's that knocks?)

Em. 'Tis the winde.

Des. I call'd my lous false, but what sayd he then ?

sing willow willow willow,

If I court me women, youle couch with me men.

So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,

Does that boade weeping ?

Em. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I haue heard it saide so : O these men, these men :

Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emillia,*)

That there be women doe abuse their husbands

In such grosse kindes ?

Em. There be some such no question.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a thing, for all the world?

Em. Why would not you?

Des. No by this heauently light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,

I might as well doe it in the darke.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world ?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,

For a small vice.

Des. In troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. in troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it,
mary

The Tragedy of Othello

mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Bestrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in pecuifish ieaiousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus etres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iag. **H**ere stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

the Moore of Venice.

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow ;
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed ;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons ;
Tis but a man gon : forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game ; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona* :
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly : and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him ; there stand I in much perill :
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou die'st.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'st ;
I will make prooue of thine.

Rod. O, I am slaine.

Cas. I am ma'nd for euer, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me ; — minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnblest fate hies ; strumpet I come ;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust, staine'd, shall with lusts blood be sported.

Exit.

L

Enter

The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Lodonico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.

Gra. Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.

Cas. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night;

These may be counterfeits, let's think't vnlate

To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt with lights and weapons.

Iag. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Cas. Here, here, for heauens sake helpe me.

Iag. Whats the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Antient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,

Giue me some helpe.

Iag. O me, Lieutenant, what villaines haue don this?

Cas. I thinke the one of them is here about,

And cannot make away

Iag. O treacherous villaines:

What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Cas. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous slaue, O villaine.

Thrusts him in.

Rod. O damnd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, — o, o, o.

Iag. Kill men i'the darke? where be those bloody thecues?

How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:

What may you be? are you of good or euill?

Lod. As you shall prooue vs, praise vs.

Iag. Seignior *Lodonico*.

Lod. He sir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villaines.

Gr.

the Moore of Venice.

Gra. *Cassio.*

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who i't that cried?

Iag. Who i't that cried?

Bia. O my deare *Cassio*, O my sweet *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. O notable Strumpet : *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be that thus haue mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I haue bin to seeke you.

Iag. Lend me a garter, so; — oh for a chaire to beare him easily
hence.

Bia. Alas he faints; O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this Trash
To beare a part in this iniurie : parience a while good *Cassio*;
Come, come, lend me a light:
Know wee this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man :

Roderigo? no, yes sure; yes, tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iag. Euen he fir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Ia. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners:
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you *Cassio*: O, a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iag. He, tis he : O that's well said, a chaire ;
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Save you your labour, he that lies slaine here, (*Cassio*),
Was my deare friend ; what malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'the aire.

The Tragedy of Othello

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse ?

Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye ?

Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon :

108 Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,

Doe you ſee Gentlemen ? nay guiltineſſe

Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of uſe. *Enter Emi.*

Em. 'Las what's the matter ? what's the matter husband ?

112 *Iag.* *Cafſio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,

By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,

Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cafſio*.

116 *Iag.* This is the fruite of whoring : pritheee *Emillia*,

Goe know of *Cafſio* where he ſupt to night :

What, doe you ſhake at that ?

Bia. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

120 *Iag.* O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bia. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,

As you, that thus abuſe me.

Em. As I ; now fie vpon thee.

124 *Iag.* Kind Gentlemen, let's goe ſee poore *Cafſio* dreſt ;

Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another tale.

Emillia, tunne you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt :

128 Will you goe on ? I pray : This is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light, and Deſdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoule,

Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtarres :

It is the cauſe, yet I le not ſhed her blood,

4 Nor ſcarre that whiter ſkin of hers then ſnow,

And ſmooth as monumentall alablatter ;

Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'll betray more men,

Put out the light, and then put out the light :

8 If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,

I can againe thy former light reſtore,

Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,

Thou

the Moore of Venice.

V.ii.

Thou cunningst patterne of excellling nature,
 I know not where is that promethian heate,
 That can thy light relumine : when I haue pluckt the rose,
 I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
 It must needs wither ; Ile smell it on the tree ; *kisses her.*
 A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
 Iustice her selfe to breake her sword : one more ;
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And loue thee after : one more, and this the last :
 So sweet was ne're so fatall : I must weepe,
 But they are cruell teares : this sorrow's heauenly,
 It strikes where it does loue : she wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. I, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona?*

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
 Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
 Solicite for it straite.

Des. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?

Oth. Well, doe it, and be bricfe, I will walke by,
 I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
 No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
 When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
 Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

Des. That deathe's vnnaturall, that kills for louing ;
 Alas, why know you so your neather lip :

The Tragedy of Othello

44

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents : but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so, what's the matter ?

48

Oth. That handkerchiefe which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweet soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

52

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong conception
That I doe groane withall : thou art to die.

56

Des. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too :

I neuer did offend you in my life, — neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue ; I neuer gaue him token.

60

Oth. By heauen I saw my handkerchiefe in his hand :
O periur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,
And makst me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice ;
I saw the handkerchiefe.

64

Des. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
Let him confesse a truth.

68

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my Lord ?

Oth. That he hath — vs'd thee.

Des. How, vnlawfully ?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,

Honest

the Moore of Venice.

V.ii

Honest *Jago* hath tane order for't.

72

Des. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?

Oth. had all his haire bin liues,

My great reuenge had stomacke for em all.

76

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone,

Oth. O strumpet,—weepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

80

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you strue.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being don, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer. *he stifles her.*

Oth. Tis to late. *Emillia calles within.*

84

Em. My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,

88

I would not haue thee linger in thy paine; —so, so.

Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: shee's dead:

92

Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio's* death;

The noyse was heere; ha no more mouing,

Still as the graue: shall she come in? we'r't good?

I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best?

96

If she come in, she'll sure speake to my wife.

My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:

O insupportable; O heauy houre.

Me thinks it should be now a huge *Eclips*

Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,

100

Should yawue at alteration.

Em. I do beseech you I may speake with you,—O good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emillia*:

Soft, by and by, let me the curtaines draw.

Enter Emillia.

104

Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What? now?

Em.

The Tragedy of Othello

108

But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

112

Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.

+

116

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? theu murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.

Em. Ahlas, what cry is that?

Oth. That, what?

120

Em. Our and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

124

Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell: *she dies.*
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell.

Oth. Why how should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

128

Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,

T'was I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,

And you the blacker deuill.

132

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou art rash as fire,

To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.

136

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds

To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

140

Em. My husband:

Oth.

the Moore of Venice.

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke ?

Oth. I, with *Cassio* : nay, had she bin true,
If heauen would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect *Crisolite*,
I'de not haue sold her for it.

Em. My husband ?

Oth. I, twas he that told me first ;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deedes.

Em. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iteration ? woman, I say thy husband.

Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made nookes with loue :
My husband say that she was false ?

Oth. He woman, I say thy husband ; dost vnderstand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day ; he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

Oth. Ha ?

Em. Doe thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt : O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt ; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues : helpe, helpe, O helpe ;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ? how now Generall ?

Em. O, are you come *Iago* ? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Em. Disprooue this villaine, if thou bee't a man ;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false ;

The Tragedy of Othello

I know thou dost not, thou art not such a villaine :
 Speake, for my heart is full.

176 *Iag.* I told him what I thought, and told no more,
 Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you euer tell him she was false ?

Iag. I did.

180 *Em.* You told a lie, an odious damned lie ;
 Vpon my foule a lie, a wicked lie :

She false with *Cassio* ; did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse ; go to, charme your tongue.

184 *Em.* I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake ;
 My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heauens forefend.

Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.

188 *Oth.* Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange truth.

Men. O monstrous act !

Em. Villany, villany, villany ;

I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany ;
 192 I thought so then ; He kill my selfe for grieffe,
 O villany, villany.

Iag. What are you mad ? I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake ;
 196 Tis proper I obey him, but not now :

Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh. *Oth. falls on the bed.*

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,

200 For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
 That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O she was foule :

I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
 Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt ;
 I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

204 *Gr.* Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
 Thy match was mortall to him, and pure grieffe
 Shore his old thread intwaime : did he liue now,
 This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
 208 Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And

the Moore of Venice.

Vii.

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it:
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique token
My Father gaue my Mother.

212

Em. O heauon, O heavenly powers.

Iag. Come, hold your peace.

Em. T will out, t will out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heauen, and men, and deuils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.

216

220

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?

224

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkerchiefe thou speakest on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband;
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.

228

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no, alas I found it,
And I did giue it my husband.

Iag. Filth, thou liest.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?

232

The Moore runs at Iago. Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pernicious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.

236

Em. I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side, *Exit Iago.*

Gra. Hee's gone but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recovered from the Moore:

240

The Tragedy of Othello

Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather ; Ile after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*

224 *Oth.* I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword:
But why should honour out-lie honesty ?
Let it goe all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady ?
Harke, canst thou heare me ? I will play the Swan,
248 And die in musicke ; *Willow, Willow, willow.*
Moore, she was chaste, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to blisse as I speake true ;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *she dies.*

252 *Oth.* I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of *Spaine*, the IHebrookes temper :
O here it is ; Vncle, I must come forth. *Gra. Within.*

256 *Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

260 *Oth.* Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh : I haue scene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
264 Then twenty times your stop : but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his fate ? tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd ;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
268 The very Sea-marke of my vtmost saile.

Doe you got backe dismaid ? tis a iost feare,
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe ?
272 How dost thou looke now ? O ill star'd wench,
Pale as thy smocke ; when we shall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it : cold, cold, my girl,

the Moore of Venice.

V.ii.

Euen like thy chafkity : O curfed flane :
 Whip me you deuills,
 From the poffeffion of this heavenly fight,
 Blow me about in winds,roaft me in fuphure,
 Wash me in fteepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
 O *Defdemona,Defdemona*; dead,O,o,o.

276

280

*Enter Lodouico, Montano, and officers,
 Caffio in a chaire*

Lod. Where is this rafh and moft unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

284

Lod. Where is that Viper ? bring the villaine forth,

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable.
 If that thou beeft a deuill I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his fword from him.

288

Iag. I bleed fir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not lorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
 For in my fenfe tis happineffe to dye.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once fo good,
 Falne in the praftife of a damned flane,
 What fhould be faid to thee ?

292

Oth. Why, any thing.
 An honourable murderer if you will ;
 For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy :
 Did you and he confent in *Caffio's* death ?

296

Oth. I.

Ca. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you caufe.

Oth. I doe beleene it, and I afke you pardon ;
 Will you I pray, demaund that demy deuill,
 Why he hath thus infnar'd my foule and body ?

300

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know ;
 From this time forth I neuer will fpeake word.

304

Lod. What, not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doeft beft.

Lod. Sir, you fhall vnderftand what hath be falne,
 Which, as I think you know not : here is a letter,

308

The Tragedy of Othello

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,

Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catieffe:

How came you *Cassio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;

And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,

And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:

No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these vnlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake,

the Moore of Venice.

Vii

Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well :
 Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,,
 Perplext in the extreame : of one whose hand,
 Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
 Richer then all his Tribe : of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
 Drop teares, as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinall gum : Set you downe this ;
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State ;
 I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. *He dies.*

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
 More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.
 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed,
 This is thy worke ; the object poisons fight,
 Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
 And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
 For they succeed to you : To you Lord *Gouernour*,
 Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
 The time, the place, the torture ; O enforce it,
 My selfe will strait aboard, and to the State,
 This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

